

light, lie turned the now-forgotten Nazon's sunsets into ridicule, and dismissed Ge*rome and Dubuffe with a few stinging words. On the other hand, he praised Daubigny, Pissarro (then a newcomer among the realists), and Corot, observing of the last, however, that he would like his work far better if lie would only slaughter the nymphs with which he peopled his woods, and set real peasants in their places. And he wound up as follows, in words which, applied to much of his after-life, were almost prophetic: —

"In these articles *I* have defended M. Manefc as, throughout my life, I shall always defend every frank personality that may be assailed. I shall always be on the side of the vanquished. There is always a contest between men of unconquerable temperaments and the herd. I am on the side of the temperaments, and I attack the herd. Thus my case is judged, and I am condemned. I have been guilty of such enormity as to fail to admire M. Dubuffe, after admiring Courbet — the enormity of complying with inexorable logic. Such has been my guilt and simplicity that I have been unable to swallow without disgust the *fadeurs* of the period, and have demanded power and originality in artistic work. I have blasphemed in declaring that the history of art proves that only temperaments dominate the ages, and that the paintings we treasure are those which have been lived and felt. I have committed such horrible sacrilege as to speak with scant respect of the petty reputations of the clay and to

predict their approaching demise, their
passage into eternal
nothingness. I have behaved as a heretic
in demolishing the
paltry religions of coterie and firmly
setting forth the great reli-
gion of art, that which says to every painter
: 'Open your eyes,
behold nature. Open your heart, behold
life.' I have also dis-
played crass ignorance because I have not
shared the opinions of
the patented critics, and have neglected to
speak of the foreshort-
ening of a torso, the modelling of a belly,
draughtsmanship and
colour, schools and precepts. I have
behaved, too, like a ruffian
in marching straight towards my goal
without thinking of the